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KING ALFRED.

BY PERCY RUSSELL.

A Saxon Legend in Four Books.

Book 3. RUTH.

THE sedgy island, whereon Gubba dwelt,
Now camped the Saxons, and the axe was heard
Frequent and loud thro' all the wooded belt
Surrounding it, while oft some startled bird
Rose o'er the tree-tops with a cry of fear,
Scared from its covert by the pioneer !

The woods were lovely with the tenderest green
Of summer, and the fields that bore in bliss
Bright daisies, looked as tho' the Heavens serene
Had given them beauty with a starry kiss !
While every dew-filled blossom did present
Baptismal fonts unto the innocent.

And has not Nature blessed with bounteous hands
The length and breadth of England's beauteous isle?—
Who needs to fly to far romantic lands—
To brave the ocean—scale the Alpine pile—
When his own clime within its guardian sea
Yields him the best of what on earth may be?

The King drew Ethelwitha thro' wood tracks
Now partly open to the light of Heaven,
For but a few hours since—the Saxons' axe
A hundred oaks from mossy beds had riven,
Making a narrow path to Ruth's retreat
That might be trodden by a lady's feet.

The Queen was stately—grief had dignified
The bloom of youth—but still her eyes were warm
With fondest fancies. Alfred inly cried,
Gazing remorseful on her royal form,
“How could the vision of a dreamful hour
Have lured my heart from such a royal flower?”

When they were come unto the quiet dell
Where waited Ruth, said the repentant King,
“You must for my sake love this maiden well;”
And Ethelwitha murmured “As the spring
Unfolds the green bud, so shall she be wooed
By our entreaty from this solitude.”

Before misfortune charity had taught
Unto the Queen, with jealousy she might
Have viewed the maiden, but no darkling thought
Of bitter doubt came confidence to blight;
And Ethelwitha when she first saw Ruth
Loved her like Alfred, tho' with firmer truth.

The King had shunned her—but his heart he steeled
The maid to visit, and resolved to soothe
The soul so lately wounded till 'twas healed—
Vain dream ! what mortal hand can ever smoothe
The crumpled rose-leaf ? ah ! where love hath power
The stoutest heart is fragile as a flower !

“ Fair maid,” the Queen said, “ when my Lord hath torn
His Kingdom from the spoiler, thou shalt be
One of my ladies, then thou wilt adorn
A loving mistress—easy task for thee—
And even this day, since thou hast no kin,
To hold us as a mother, sweet, begin ! ”

But here the maiden in a voice that woke
A thrilling echo through one listener's heart,—
“ I love this island—every pine and oak
Hath memories sweet that truest joys impart.
I shall not long live, and would therefore rest
Thro' my last days in that spot I loved best ! ”

These words, tho' gentle, fell like the rebuke
Of a stern Angel on the sad King's ear—
His eyes he lowered, for her earnest look
Pierced him more keenly than a Danish spear—
“ Yet, yet,” he inly whispered, “ God doth know
It was in madness that I wronged her so ! ”

“ Then thro' the present,” murmured low the Queen,
“ If best it please thee, in this wood remain,
To raise a shelter that may better screen
Thee from the tempest rough—some of our train,
Who will unto thy slightest wish submit,
Shall make this wild place for thy lodging fit.”

Nor need we marvel at each gracious word,
For with the candor of the noble mind,
That never can by terror be deterred
From Royal Truth, Alfred, to caution blind,
Had to his Queen confessed his error whole
And won full pardon from her open soul.

And woman still, when she is unenticed
To ways of evil, often is more kind
Than man, while thro' her spirit soft the Christ
Appeareth plainest to our nature blind ;
She with more patience suffereth than we
And ever bends to God a humbler knee.

Meek Ruth was lonely in the green retreat—
Yet flowed the streamlets as before they did—
The fragrance of the wild flowers was as sweet,
As sweet the violets in the dingle hid,
Yet she was gloomy as a withered fir
When freezing blasts the snows around it stir.

And all the joyousness of youthful prime
Had left her ; and each day more sad she grew ;
E'en like a lily, when the early rime
Biteth its blossom, changes in its hue,
E'en at her best the maiden now appeared
With morning's dullness ere the mist has cleared.

She seems a white rose in her dewy grief,
By ruthless Death attended, who each day
Plucked from her heart some still beloved leaf
That she had cherish'd e'en in its decay,
Plucked but in tenderness to save its germ
Of heavenly beauty from an earthly worm.

For Death is kinder than we think him oft,
When slow his stroke, far better to unwind
Leaf after leaf of worldly pleasure soft,
In whose embrace the spirit is enshrined,
Than perish 'neath his arrow, ere our eyes
Perceive with what angelic wings he flies.

One day there came forth from the thickets dense
A rugged man, whom cruel thorns had torn,
He seemed exhausted by fatigue intense,
Tho' many a battle blow he once had borne,
Scorched by the sun and soddened by the rain
How oft his forehead had been ploughed by pain !

To whom the maiden, " Weary thou dost look
Rest here awhile and I will soon procure
Food to sustain thee—water from the brook—"
But he with wonder, gazing at her pure
Sweet countenance, exclaimed, " The king ! the king !
To him the issues of the war I bring !

They said he was encamped at Athelney ;
Two nights I've threaded the immense morass,
Too often missing the intricate way,
Unto King Alfred tell me how to pass,
For I must reach him spite of hunger's pain
Before he marches to attack the Dane."

Her silvery accents broke in here, " Know, the King
For some days will not march—I am his friend—"
But he, " The only tidings that I bring
Are those Saint Neot when dying did commend
Me to deliver." " O ! what said the saint,
" Oh tell me," murmured she in accents faint.

“What he said is no secret, for it must
Be to the army published. Thus Neot saith
To Alfred, Be a monarch true and just,
The Heathen—if thou hast but ample faith,
Shall flee before thee, for I, purified
By death, unseen shall battle on thy side.

Thy penance is accomplished, and if now
No more thou sinnest, every deed of thine
Shall thro’ thy children into glory grow,
And with time’s increase shall increasing shine,
Making the monarch most of all adored,
Who learned his duty at a peasant’s board.

He ceased, but Ruth, “O tell me, dost thou love
Thy King and Country?” whereat he again,
“The coming battle, this shall fully prove
And my fell hatred of the savage Dane;
A sister sweet who left me when a child,
Alas! was murdered by these spoilers wild!”

“Is thy name Wulfric?” “Ay, it is in truth,—”
“I am that sister and the Dane escaped.”
He gazed upon her—“Art thou really Ruth?”
Then, as the full conviction slowly shaped
Itself within his mind, the strong man shook
Like reeds that quiver by a troubled brook.

“I am thy sister—this is my retreat,”
She said, “and home, and if you love me still,
You will the words I utter now repeat
To Alfred—” and he answered her, “I will!
My long lost sister, all the stars above
That saw my mourning—witness to my love!”

Then Ruth with earnest gesture—"Seek the King,
The way I'll show, and when you find him say—
'These words from Saint Neot, who is dead, I bring,
Thou shalt be victor on the battle day,
For I will join thee with a spectral arm,
And bear thy banner through the war's red storm !'

After these few words, utter all the rest
The Saint confided to thee, but forbear
To speak of *me* ; upon this cross attest
Thy purpose, by thy hope of Heaven swear
Thou wilt do all things as I now have said,"
And Wulfric took the oath with bended head.

Small reverence had he for holy things,
Yet thus to meet the lost one in this place
Moved him more than, if with resplendent wings,
He had an Angel seen, her simple face,
So simple in its goodness, touched him till
He would have died, her least wish to fulfil !

"O God !" Ruth murmured when once more alone,
"And did he die thus silently and sad,
Speaking no word of Hope—O had I known
How to his presence—patience, am I mad ?
Gave he not all up for our Country's sake—
Shall love's light hand the Bow of Duty break ?

This life is a probation, and thro' it
The soul is moulded for a future sphere,
Our fleeting joys with many woes are knit,
Lest we becoming too contented here
Forget Earth's flowers to those of Heaven are
As is a daisy to the Evening Star.

Sinful are my repinings, all the earth
Were filled with murder, misery, and crime,
If none could be found whose unselfish worth
Stood up a pillar unto Heaven sublime,
To stem the tides of evil, and uphold
The skies from crushing sinners grown too bold.

Why am I mournful for some moments lost
On earth of love's joy ? What had they been ours ?
They must in death have ended, but no frost
Can crisp the beauty of celestial flowers.
What tho' he died so, he could not forget
This hand with his tears once so sweetly wet.

O thought of rapture ! now that he is dead,
He must be nearer than in life he was,
Perchance now gliding o'er my drooping head,
Will it not pain him to behold my face
In sorrow clouded, while his own must be
Bright with the glory of eternity ?

And O that message on the battle field ;
I will invisibly be present, there
It would be sweetest my last breath to yield
When all is over, and a final prayer
I breathe that we above, where Seraph feet
Tread golden pavement in communion meet.

Yes Alfred, she whom you to life restored,
And then mocked with the offer of false love,
Shall work more wonders than the mighty sword
Of British Arthur ; yea, the timid dove
Shall smite the Raven, and a feeble girl
Guide with her weak hands war's tremendous whirl.

'Twas by a woman that the Saxons gained
The first rich acre of this fruitful Isle,
Tho' cursed be those hands that were crimson stained,
When Vortigern ceased at the feast to smile ;
And by a woman, to her purpose nerved
With heavenly strength, shall England be preserved."

(End of Book the Third.)

THAMAR CAREY.

BY G. BIANCA HARVEY.

CHAPTER II.

STRETCHED at full length on the wild uncut grass, that grew thick in the deserted, uncared-for orchard, was Frederick Tregore. With a cigar between his lips, and a hat tilted over his face, he lay watching dreamily the blue sea as it stretched out far in the distance : calm and peacefully 'neath the summer sky.

Presently a quick decided footstep on the weedy gravel path roused him and he called "Conway, here I want you."

"Yes Mr. Tregore," and the young man addressed came slowly up. The tone of his voice was quiet, almost sad ; and Tregore raised himself on his elbow with an enquiring glance.

"What is the matter ?"

"I am going away sir."

"Where to ?"

"To London."

"Are you tired of this old ramshackle place ? Well I am not surprised."

A deep flush rose to young Conway's brow.

"It is not that sir ; but I am going to earn my livelihood. Your father has kindly given me a recommendation."

"I wish you good luck Conway, I am sure," was the cordially spoken answer.

"Thank you sir."

"Tell me what put it into your head to leave?"

A pained look flitted across the open face.

"Mr. Tregore, Miss Carey, and yourself, sir, have been very kind to me but—but others have not scrupled sometimes to remind me that I am"—

"I know, I know;" put in Frederick hastily, "but you must not mind what they say. You are a right good fellow and no mistake."

"I bore it as long as I could sir, but I have had enough of covert insult and sharp contempt," said Philip in a low voice.

"When do you leave?"

"This evening sir, so I will say good bye."

"Good bye old fellow, and may you prosper as you deserve"—and with a cordial shake of the hand Frederick turned towards the house.

With thoughtful steps Philip passed slowly through the gate at the end of the orchard and continued down the cliff.

"Now there is only Miss Carey"—

"And what of her?" said a voice above him.

The young man glanced up. "I was coming to say good-bye Miss. I leave for London this evening."

"Come in and have tea with me, Philip, my brother is away," was the matter-of-fact answer, "then you can explain your plans."

"Thank you Miss Carey I will. It is very kind of you to ask me," and a grateful light shone in the blue eyes. The girl smiled. "I think you will succeed, Philip, for you are honest and true."

"I shall not forget those who have been kind to me: one day I may come back a rich man." The words were uttered with a heavy sigh. It was a trial leaving the home of his boyhood to go among strangers, but while it saddened him, the young man felt it to be the wisest plan.

"What is your age?" asked the girl abruptly.

"I am twenty six," he said with a melancholy smile.

"My own age, and yet you look younger than I do."

It was true; many would have taken Thamar Carey to be thirty, so lined was the thin careworn face.

"You have had trouble Miss Carey. I wish I could help you bear it."

"None could. No, I must bear it alone," and with a hasty movement Thamar pushed open the little wooden gate and entered "The Cottage."

Somewhat to her annoyance she saw her brother seated at the piano. There was a mutual dislike between the two men; each felt the other's ideas were antagonistic with his own, and his society in consequence irksome.

Thamar was the first to speak—"Philip is going away and I have asked him to tea."

"Going to see the world," said the gambler with a laugh "not a bad one take it all in all."

"I am to be clerk at Mr. Graham's so I shall not have much leisure," answered the other pleasantly.

"Tied down in an office, well, I hope you will like it. I should soon kick over the traces."

"Our tastes are different," said Philip quietly, "besides I go to work, not to amuse myself. Miss Carey I have a small box which belonged to my poor mother, I thought you might accept it."

It was a small carved box of some value, and Thamar took it carefully in her hand.

"It is a handsome present. I scarcely like to take it."

"Not a bit too handsome," said the young man, and he meant it. Down far in his heart there lurked a little romance of which this strange girl was once the heroine, but he knew it was an idle hope that could never be realized, and so it remained unspoken.

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Cautiously, with slow steady steps, the figure of a woman might be seen creeping along the beach close to the water's edge, a dark lantern in her hand. Every now and then she paused to listen, a somewhat difficult task, for the wind was high, and the white-crested waves rolled sullenly and angrily on the shore, foretelling a direful storm. Once a heavier billow than usual

swept up the shingle and enveloped the dark form in spray : but carelessly shaking herself, the woman passed on, looking neither to the right nor left as she pursued her lonely journey.

A sharp turn in the slippery sands caused her to stay her steps at last, and opening the lantern, she held it before her. On every side lay a green sheet of water, stretching far into the darkness : now swollen and heaving 'neath the fierce wind, which was blowing straight on shore. Carefully turning up the skirt of her coarse stuff dress, and keeping one hand on the rock to guide her, the girl pursued her way, wading in some places above her knees in water. Presently she reached the entrance to a cave : noiselessly entering, she stopped, and turned her lantern full on the faces of two men who lay sleeping on the sandy floor. There was scarcely standing room for six people, and in one part the rocks overhead came so low as to compel a stooping position.

The sudden glare aroused one of the sleepers, and rising to his feet he confronted the intruder.

"Thamar !"

"I have brought the money."

Striding across, her father shook the other man by the shoulder. "Up man ! the gold is here, and we must lose no time."

The person addressed stretched himself, and then catching sight of the girl who stood half in shadow, said sharply, "who is that ?"

"Only my girl."

Satisfied apparently at the explanation, the questioner came forward and seated himself by his companion, who was busily engaged in counting the contents of the little leather bag.

A handsome face was that of Francis Carey even now, though on it was written in legible characters the records of a reckless vicious life. There was cunning in the thin drawn lips, and deep-set grey eyes, while the thin white hands showed that no honest labour had ever been the means of supporting the old man, whose bent frame indicated that the wild life he led was telling on him.

His companion was evidently of a lower class in society. Strongly built, the massive jaw, low forehead, and small shifting

blue eyes, proclaimed him as belonging to the more brutal type of humanity.

"Thirty pounds," he growled, "that won't carry us far." Francis Carey raised his head "are you sure that was all you could bring?" he said suspiciously.

"All" was the curt reply.

"It must do then Belling. Let me see: there is the twenty we made by old Bretté. Good stroke of business that, ha! ha! ha!"

"Not murder, eh?" chuckled the other grinning fiendishly.

"No, sudden death."

Unmoved, the girl had stood silent, her eyes gleaming like a cat's in the gloom, as they rested alternately on the speakers.

"You can go, girl," remarked her father turning his head in her direction. "I am safe enough now. Mind you keep a silent tongue in your head."

"The dear child will keep it quiet for her own sake," suggested Belling maliciously.

"You are right, I would not have it even hinted that I owned such a father," came the scornful retort.

"Or such a friend!" said the man with a complaisant leer, "you might get a worse one my fine lady I can tell you."

"Rather a difficulty," echoed his companion, breaking into a fresh peal of laughter that rang again and again through the desolate place. But it did not last long. A violent fit of coughing seized the wasted frame, and with an awful cry he fell back motionless on the hard ground.

The excitement had been too much, and the reckless spirit was at rest.

No sob of woe or terror was wrung from the girl's lips by the terrible scene.

Turning to Belling who wore an aspect of stupified fear, she said—"go, take the money with you, and never set foot on this shore again."

The sight he had just witnessed, coupled with the commanding tone of the girl, subdued the spirit of the savage; with a few muttered words he picked up the leather bag and slunk away into the darkness.

Motionless the woman stood for a few minutes gazing on the dead man, as he lay, a ghastly smile on the white lips and in the staring eyeballs.

"As you have lived, so have you died: a coward and a thief; and thus you will sleep your last sleep. A cruel husband, an unnatural father, and a false friend, you have wrought enough woe in your lifetime, but you shall not work it in your death," she said slowly, no trace of emotion on the stern set countenance. Bending over the body, she drew a thick rope from one of the pockets. Passing it under the waist of the man, she drew it in a tight knot so as to preclude all fear of its coming undone. Then with both hands she dragged it to the other side of the cave, where a projection of the rock formed a kind of hook. With a jerk she threw the other end of the rope round and fastened it securely, so that neither wind or wave could reach it so as to carry it away until repeated blows against the rock would have effectually obliterated any of the features. This done, Thamar again raised her lantern and crept out into the damp night air.

"Jerome, father is dead." Such was the abrupt communication as the brother and sister sat together in the cheerless sitting room next morning.

"At last! How did it happen?" said the brother curiously

"Three days ago in the 'Green Cave' from heart disease."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, Belling was with him."

"What of the body? Thamar, if it should come ashore?" He said with a sudden fear.

"It would bear a painful resemblance to yourself," she answered smiling sarcastically. "No you are safe enough."

"What have you done with the body?" There was no sorrow only perplexity in the tone. No regret that the old man had died such a horrible death, unrepentant and unforgiven. "Belling will be a dangerous customer," continued the man cautiously.

"I think not."

"But he may demand money, or expose our family affairs. In that case, we must put it out of his power to speak."

"Dead men tell no tales, Jerome: mark my words that man will not trouble us." The odds against him are too heavy.

"It must have been an awful sight Thamar: I am glad I was not there."

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "You are a coward where you should be brave; and a bully where another would spare."

"How did you get rid of the body?" asked the man; to whom the subject had a horrible fascination.

"You can amuse yourself by seeing if you choose:" she answered impatiently. "It is over and I will not recur to the subject again."

And thus died Francis Carey as he had lived, uncared for and unregretted. No Christian burial; no sacred rites had been performed over the man, whose hand had been raised against his fellow creatures in murder and revenge,—whose life had been a long career of such vice and depravity that the false name he had adopted (Robert Long) was a by-word for all that was atrocious. The fifty years had been replete with selfish gratification and heartless deeds, and the end had come. The daughter he had abandoned to struggle as she best could for the bare means of living; the son to whom he had taught all the wild practices of his own youth: both had despised him, and felt glad when the hand of death removed him from them, and left them free to fight the hard battle of life alone, without the shadow of their father's guilt, hovering over them and paralyzing each effort.

Thamar had not been an undutiful daughter, as far as providing her father with the means of living went. The few ornaments bequeathed to her by her mother had been sold long ago without a murmur.

Affection there was none. Francis Carey would have laughed if his daughter had put up her face to be kissed, or placed her hand on his in loving welcome.

It was a matter of self congratulation to him that he had taught his daughter to do without such foolish mummeries, and if there was a person in the world his suspicious nature trusted, it was the hard reserved girl, who would listen with an unmoved countenance to the dark histories of ruin and shame opened out to her.

CHAPTER III.

Some days after the departure of the young clerk, Frederick Tregore entered his father's study with a look of concern on his aristocratic brow.

"So my aunt and cousins are coming here to-morrow, at your suggestion too."

The old man moved uneasily in his chair.

"Yes, my boy; she appeared anxious to come, in fact it is the right thing to do: they are our relations."

"Well father if it pleases you, it pleases me."

"You have been a good son Frederick, and obeyed me when many would have refused. There is one thing would add to my happiness: you are now four-and-twenty, and it is time you seek a wife."

"A wife! why I have scarcely enough to keep myself."

"You are too extravagant; but I do not wish you to marry a poor woman."

"My dear father, I have no wish to settle down yet. Plenty of time to think of that ten years hence."

"Not so Frederick, and I am in no mood for jesting," was the stern reply.

"I would not willingly run counter to your wishes; but in this matter I may surely judge for myself," urged his son. "Besides who is the lady you have chosen?"

"Your cousin Agnes, she is a handsome girl, and wealthy."

"It cannot be, father: I do not care for her in that way."

"If you prove yourself so unwilling to accede to my request, I shall begin to have some faith in the idle rumors that have reached me even here in my seclusion," said the old man angrily.

"And what are they?" replied his son calmly, brushing an imaginary speck of dust from his faultless morning costume.

"That you are too friendly by half with the sister of Jerome Carey."

"If you listen to all the idle reports that are brought to you, your time will be well employed," remarked the young man, a flush rising to his brow.

"That is not the question : are you or are you not engaged to Thamar Carey ?"

There was a pause, and then the answer came,

"I am."

"Ah, then I was right, and you have fallen a prey to a designing girl—"

"No, father, not that"—interrupted the son eagerly.

"Listen ! the hour you make that girl your wife I disown you," and the thin voice quivered with passion.

"You are not just to me ; nor are you fair to Thamar," said Frederick firmly.

"She comes of a bad stock. The daughter of a rascally lawyer and a public singer : a nice daughter-in-law to Martin Tregore."

"You have never seen her father so you cannot judge. I cannot give her up : nay, consider you are hard on us."

"Frederick," said the old man solemnly, "much as I love you I tell you that henceforth you shall be as a stranger to me if you persist in this mad engagement. Nay, no words, I will not argue more now, to-morrow we will speak of this again ; go ! now I would be alone."

Slowly his son left the room with a feeling of unhappiness new to him. Fortune had hitherto smiled on the spoiled handsome favourite of the ball and mess-room, and this first disappointment jarred on his easy nature. Besides it was the first time his father had spoken a harsh word to him, and the proud blood of the Tregores rose up against the stern command to give up the woman he loved.

To tell the truth, the young man had a wholesome dread of the sharp tongue of his cousin. The worldly quick-witted girl had not spared him when it pleased her to be sarcastic ; and the vanity of the man led him to prefer the gentler Blanche, who if she never uttered a wise word, seldom said an unkind one.

"Frederick !"

"My darling !" and forgetting all, save that the object of his meditations stood before him, he clasped her closely to him and kissed the white face tenderly.

"What is the matter ?" she asked quietly as he walked slowly along the beach by her side.

"How sharp your eyes are, Thamar: well, the matter is my father and I have quarrelled."

"About me?"

"Yes, he is anxious I should marry; an anxiety I do not participate in, as he has chosen the lady."

"Who?"

"Agnes Tregore."

"Do you like her?"

"Pretty well."

"And you, what was your answer?"

"That I did not care sufficiently for her to make her my wife."

"Then he threatened to disown you."

"How do you know? why you are a veritable witch!"

The girl laughed, not happily; but with a hollow ring in her voice that pained her lover.

"You know my darling, I would not consent to give you up."

She stood silent for a minute and then in a hard voice spoke. "Your father objects to me, I might have guessed it; but I was blind, very blind. Frederick, I will see your father myself to-morrow."

"You Thamar, you?" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes."

"But listen to me darling; would not a private marriage——"

"No, no," she repeated vehemently. "I am too proud to creep into your father's house like a thief."

"But——" urged the young man.

"I dare not, you tempt me beyond my strength, and I may not pause to listen. Frederick, Frederick, I love you so deeply that I would lay down my life to make you happy; but I cannot do this thing; I will not bring your father's curse on you, though that moment made me the happiest woman in the world."

The passion in her voice roused the calmer nature of the young man.

"Thamar, what can I do?"

"Remain firm in your engagement to me. I will manage the rest: to-morrow I go to your father, but the interview must be strictly private."

"But he may not receive you Thamar, and you would only

put yourself in the way of an insult."

"So aristocratic a man would not insult anyone I should imagine; if he does, I can defend myself," was the proud reply.

"Do as you think best, but I dread it for you."

"Dearest," she said, placing her hands on his shoulder, while her eyes aglow with love met his. "With me to love once, is to love always; and for one I cared for, I would do or dare anything. When I hate, it were better that person were dead."

"Nay, you make yourself out a perfect fiend," remonstrated the young man, more and more fascinated with the wild bearing of the girl before him.

"You do not know me Frederick; sometimes I doubt if I have read myself aright."

"I know quite enough," he said, kissing her, "and what I do is very lovable."

"Always think so, always," she said with sudden passion, "I could not bear you to doubt me."

"Nor shall I," he answered gaily, "adieu dearest."

"Give him up," muttered the girl as she watched him turn the point, "never! Martin Tregore, you have dared to cross my path; beware!" and the white teeth gleamed with a vindictive smile.


(To be Continued.)



IVAR AND EITHNE.

BY T. C. S. CORRY, M.D.

[During the incursions of the Northmen on the coast of Ireland, Ivar, son of Lochlann, King of Norway, carried off Eithne, the young and beautiful daughter of Covach, chief of Killarney. Like a tropical flower transplanted to an ungenial clime, Eithne's beauty faded fast away; and the patriotic melodies of her native land were changed to the wild funeral *keens* of her Irish mountains. Ivar strove in vain, by professions of love and eternal constancy, to remove the load of grief under which she laboured; but her heart midst the splendour and gaiety of a Norwegian Court yearned for the wooded hills and fertile vales of her island home, and was not to be comforted. At length, finding all other means useless, he returned with her as his bride to Ireland; and having settled at Limerick, was eventually the medium of uniting in bonds of friendship and peace two hostile nations, between whom war and deadly hatred had existed for centuries.]

“ H! why are the tears of grief clouding
 Those eyes that were once deemed so bright,
 Like raindrops in bleak Winter shrouding
 The stars that illumine the night?
 And why are thy gay songs of gladness,
 Once sweet as a flower-scented breeze,
 Now hushed, and thy strains in their sadness
 Like distant wind wailing through trees?”

Thus spake a Norse knight to a maiden—
 A daughter of Erin's green isle—
 Whose soul with misfortune seemed laden,
 While care had obscured beauty's smile.
 “Oh! blame not my anguish, but pity,”
 Was then the fair lady's reply;
 “Tho' wealth may abound in your city,
 There's treasure that gold cannot buy.

A bird in its cage, rare and splendid,
 Will pine for its nest far away,
 And sweet notes in sorrow be blended,
 As sadly it tunes its wild lay.
 So pines this lone heart, as benighted
 From country and kindred I roam,
 The hopes of my childhood now blighted,
 A shadow, my loved Irish home."

"Adieu!" cried the knight, "to all sorrow,
 Let gladness thy lost smiles restore;
 My barque is equipped, and to-morrow
 We'll sail for thy dear native shore.
 The friends whom you love I shall cherish,
 The home you adore shall be mine;
 Past feuds and their mem'ry shall perish,
 And two friendly nations combine.

SONNET.

To the Memory of Thomas Tyrie, a young Edinburgh Poet of great promise.

BY DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

SWEET Spirit! art thou gone? Has gentle Death
 By pale Consumption led, and sad decay,
 Wafted thy soul to where a purer day
 Is filled with music of immortal breath,
 And the cool brightness of enduring ray?—
 Surely thy peaceful presence filled with light
 Death's gloomy vale,—that sad and silent way
 That lies in solemn grandeur—like the night
 Before the glories of th' Eternal Dawn!
 For sure yon radiant rainbow, sweetly drawn
 By God's own hand from earth to sunny sky,
 That gleams, then fades like star in early light,
 Perfect and pure in angel-majesty,
 Is not more sweet, more calm, more bright than thee!

A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

BY EDMOND MERRICK.

COUCHED 'mid grey mountains wild, as on a throne,
 Or as a babe, pillowed on mother's breast,
 The deep, blue lake lies slumbering—alone
 I stand, and gaze upon the scene of rest.

Around it and above it, veiled in mist,
 Tower the gaunt peaks to the o'er-arching sky,
 Whilst its smooth surface, by the light winds kissed,
 Curves into rippling smiles caressingly.

And all around there reigns a solemn calm;
 The eloquent stillness of the noblest sight
 Beneath the sky—the grand but voiceless psalm
 Raised by the rugged mountains in their might.

Now, the swart belt of the thick-clustering pines,
 The precipice-shoulder-draped with dazzling snow,
 And the still cloud upon the crag—each finds
 An unblurred image glassed in the lake below.

Not one leaf quivers—nothing stirs to mock
 The bright motes dancing in the noontide ray,
 Save where yon cataract from the wooded rock
 Gleams in a cloudy network of white spray.

A PRACTICAL THEORY OF LIFE.

BY H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

WHEN musing on the course of Life
 How many seem its phases,
 Yet every one of them is rife
 With trebly-tangled mazes.

And though our prospects all are fair,
 A scene made for enjoying—
 Some canker-worm intrudeth there
 Our perfect bliss destroying.

One man is strong and hath delight
Merely in Life's possessing,—
But pinching Poverty's bleak blight
Marreth his every blessing.

Another's wealth and friends agree
To lavish pleasures on him,
Yet look, alas, ! 'tis clear to see
Disease's curse upon him ;

Disease—for which weak human skill
Gives scant alleviation,—
He doomed to dread existence still
Despite his smiling station.

A third has pulse of purest health
Which yields him nought save gladness,
But private griefs amid his wealth,
Impart a sense of sadness.

If we the daily deeds recite
Which form Life's *present* measure,
The *wrong* preponderates o'er the *right*,
And suffering over pleasure.

And thus whate'er our lot may be
Our life is but a bubble,
Blown from some bleak and cruel sea
By the tornado Trouble.

Ah ! what a mystery is this !
And yet if we revolve it,
Perchance we may not muse amiss
But find a clue to solve it.

It oft appears absurd to believe
In a God of infinite kindness,
Who, seeming paradox, can leave
Us in such woe and blindness.

In perfect Goodness—omnipotent Power,
Permitting Evil to enter
Its fair dominions, and to shower
Such griefs on Man, their centre,

But if we accept the sceptic view,
Denying a God and Life's fruition—
What do we gain e'en were that true ?
For it is merely demolition

Of many hopes which Man holds dear
Of a swiftly-coming morrow
When we shall know with joy sincere
No sense of sin or sorrow.

Without revealing to our sight
A future fair and clearer :
Nay, leaving all in deepest night—
Far darker, lone and drearer.

For we still must bear the woes of Life
With the longings which oft come o'er us,
Whilst seeing no rest beyond its strife
Save nothingness before us.

While a heavenly hope amid our woe
Will cheer our Life's endeavour,
And yield us nought save good, although
At death it may fly for ever.

Thus, even though we set aside
Religion's *proofs* completely,
It gives more joy our minds to guide
Till, apprehending meetly,—

That doubtless though upon the earth
Our path is oft perplexing,
Its lack of love and chastened mirth
Our spirits sorely vexing—

There must exist a place—which gained
Through faith and strong endeavour,
What seems unjust will be explained,
Or rectified for ever :—

That there's a God who made Man's mind
With certain comprehension,
But yet who has seen fit to bind
Its limits of extension :—

(Thus human Reason's utmost sphere
Of thought is reached full early ;
And thus to us men's lots appear
So often dealt unfairly.)

Who also deemed it best for Man
Here to experience sadness,
As training for the higher plan
Of grandly growing gladness :—

That Life's dark mysteries but transcend
Not *contradict* our reason,
And so when earthly life shall end
There comes a sun-lit season.—

When with enlarged God-given powers
 And intellects commanding,
 One bliss of Heaven's bright halcyon hours
 Shall be the understanding

Of problems which distressed the sage
 Of deepest skill and learning,
 But now that we have burst our cage
 Are easy of discerning,—

While "themes with which we cannot cope"
 Fade 'neath our Heavenly vision,
 "And earth's worst phrenzies marring hope
Will mar not Hope's fruition."

"AURI SACRA FAMES."

BY J. S. THOMPSON.

WHEN some good man with heart sincere,
 Departs from this, our mundane sphere,
 One, who in life was ever kind,
 And own'd a pure and genial mind,—
 Whose name with charity doth blend,
 To honest poverty a friend !
 What prayers from numerous lips arise,
 With truest feelings sympathise ;
 While hope gives way to burning tear,
 For one the poorest heart held dear,
 While memory casts his honor'd name
 For ever on the tide of fame !
 But when a man of meanest mind,
 With ample purse and soul debased,
 Dies off—he leaves Contempt behind—
 A name degraded and disgraced !

Old Scroggins died the other day,
His aged soul made haste away ;
Tho' wealth he own'd, his acts were few
Whene'er his purse had aught to do ;
His ready smile—his manners bland
Disguised his avaricious hand !
His ledger yielded vast delight,—
He counted gold both day and night,—
His Cash-book form'd a source of joy,
But all his life was base alloy !
To Church his steps he often bent,—
For pomp and mere pretention went !
Although possessing wealth unbounded,
With luxuries of life surrounded—
So blunted was his greedy brain—
His mind was senseless to the pain
Or pangs of those whose only crime
Was poverty's remorseless dower,—
While sixpence given at a time
O'erwhelm'd him in a generous hour,
And caused his soul to deem his mind
One of the best and generous kind ;
But still he gave at times with stint,
Because his name appeared in print !

Preach, Parson, preach ! with accent bland,
While christian kindness mocks the land !
His lips breath'd forth no prayer at death,—
His iron heart grew icy cold—
He only griev'd his parting breath
Would tear him from his treasur'd gold !

Thus at death's door his latest gasp
Was " Money " still—and by his side
Lay Coin and Cheque—with tighten'd grasp
He seized and clutch'd them—sobb'd and died !

THE LATE AUTUMN IS DYING.

BY H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

THE late Autumn is dying,
Dead leaves strew the land—
Signs of sorrow now lying
On every hand;
While I walk full of sadness
In garden once fair,
And where erst all was gladness,
I find trouble there.

In a hedge-row wind-shaken
To wildest unrest,
Forlorn and forsaken,
I see a bird's nest,—
Its soft down decaying—
Its fledglings all flown,—
Nought save the shell staying
Deserted and lone.

Then the thought came swift cleaving
The depths of my mind—
Soon, we too, must be leaving
Our loved homes behind,—
The drear tomb will enclose us,
Life's pilgrimage o'er,—
“And the place that now knows us
Shall know us no more.”

A LATTER-DAY RHYME.

BY WERTHER.

*"The richest, the most prosperous, the happiest country in
the world."*

I GLANCE round my room—the air is thick.
I have sat in it all this livelong day,
Grinding my very soul away
By polishing it in these whet-stone books,—
Persian and Indian, Latin and Greek,—
Till the page before me almost looks
Like an army of goblins grinning in spite,
Here in the ghostly glimmering light
Of my reading lamp ; and the cob-webs stick,
Instead of fringing the musty shelf,
In my throat, as limpets hang on a rock ;—
While the scraggy, half-grown, spiritless flock
Of thoughts that I choose to call myself
Run helter-skelter through my brain,
Like ants in their hill. Enough for to-night.
So ! rest you there till I want you again.
How dark it is, though the stars are out,
Just like a man who has lost one creed
And found a better, but gropes about
Awhile in his new-found light, uncertain
Which way to turn, while the ghost of a doubt,
A shadowy, half-seen, spectral curtain,
Hangs just before him ; and every weed
He takes for a flower ;—until by degrees
His eyes grow used to his brand-new lantern
And he finds at last that his spirit can turn
Which way he pleases, without a fall ;
And the shapes of men, at first like trees,
Move plain once more before his eyes ;

So I feel my way ; but at last my road
As clear as in day-light before me lies ;
And the glimmer of star-light is sweeter than all
The garish glitter of lamps and gas.
I stand for a space in the open street ;
And hesitate whether to turn my feet
Into the fields, to find the grass
Supple and soft beneath my tread,
Or to take a turn in the city instead,
And see how a few of the human herd,
Whom we call so often, but seldom mean it,
Our brothers—what irony lurks in the word !—
Are treading a step of the ghostly measure
Which they deem life, with an unknown load
Of cares to help them follow the tune ;
While the ball-room floor is all rough and strewn
With dust and ashes instead of flowers ;
And the music, in place of a Lydian air,
Pianissimo played, is the Devil's own fiddle :
And the monster-player sits throned in the middle.
This, I think, is a luring scene ; it
Will carry me far from the lovelit bowers
Of Paris and Helen. The city wins.
A few quick steps and I am landed there,
Full in the midst ; and the fun begins.
A woman, pallid with want and care,
Crosses my path ; with the gloss of her hair,
That was once like the gold men die to gain,
Washed out in this sea of sin and pain ;
Sunken her cheeks and her lips tight-pressed
As though, if she dared to unclothe them again,
A curse would spring ; and her only treasure,
Clasped in an agony tight to her breast,
An innocent baby—thank God, asleep,—
Like a blessing incarnate, though even this
Seemed thrown away on the woman's soul.
Close by a tavern-door she stands ;
I pause a moment to see who comes ;

A staggering footstep sounds ; 'tis his ;
And the drunkard reels forth into the street,
Flushed with the grace of the flowing bowl :
But he sees his wife—once more ironic—
And pushes her from him with half-clenched hands
And mutters a curse. This is the whole
Of the tragedy as it appears to me.
My vein is equable, calm, Platonic,
And I carelessly breast the tide from the slums ;
They have made their own bed ; let them be.
A few steps further a hand is laid
On my arm : I turn in surprise and see
A woman with clear-cut, graceful features,
Not painted and decked like the rest of her tribe,
With a flush on her cheeks, and a careless gibe
On her lips ;—though perhaps a trifle pale,
Yet a face you would turn and look on again,
If it shone in the midst of the happy throng
At your cousin's wedding ; not fair and bright,
But pure to my eyes as an angel of light ;—
And the saddest thing I saw that night.
The small hand trembles, as half-afraid
Lest a curse or a blow resent the touch ;
And her eye-lids fall as her eyes meet mine.
So fair, so young, so sweet, so frail,
A face I could hold as half-divine ;
I could never dream there were any such
Treading the streets of this sin-swamped city.
Oh sister—who would not pause in pity
And seek to unravel the dreary tale
Of your fall to this ? Was your love too strong ?
Your trust too full ? and your faith too sure ?
O God, hast Thou eyes for Thy human creatures,
That one who was fashioned so sweet and pure
Should be lost in the slough of this defiling
And horrid deadness ? The foulest crime
That brands its mark on the brow of time,
The blasphemous curse, the obscene reviling

And weave in his songs the unstilled yearning
For the purer past, were he once to sink
His subjective self in this moral drain,
And walk by my side for a hundred rods ;
At least it would heighten the bliss when again,
In the flowery bye-ways, his spirit dips
Into his dreams.

The place is swarming ;
Men, coarse, half-clothed, with beetling brows,
And eyes deep-set, with a wicked craft
As their only light ; cut, scarred, and seamed,
Their rugged features gnarled like the boughs
Of a veteran oak ;—and women who screamed,
With unrighteous mirth, and thought they laughed ;
Some bloated, red, with disordered hair,
With hideous curses, shrill and loud ;
And others—perhaps one here and there,
Whom one could separate from the crowd—
Pallid and pinched, with an eager stare
At the stranger, who dared to wander alone
Among such a crew ;—and worse than all,
The children crowded the open street,
Dirty, uncared for, under the feet
Of men and horses ;—the sight would appal
The veriest optimist, if he should turn
His steps that way. And the holes where they dwell,
Those human vermin ;—if aught in Hell
More loathsome can be than the architect
Is the master-fiend in very truth ;
Where men and women, in age and youth,
Lie huddled together, without respect
For sex or kindred ;—though separate stalls
What man would even deny his horses ?
I peep as I pass through a broken pane
Of what once was a window ; a woman was lying
'Neath scarcely a coverlet, on the floor,
While the cold wind swept through the half-closed door,
Not cool and fresh to the heated brows

But fetid as though from a charnel-house ;
A babe lay beside her,—and both were dying.
I could see the death-like, chalk-white face,
The close-clenched teeth, and the gasping breath
Scarce forced through the lips. But not a yard off,
Another woman was keeping her place,
Crouching over a ghost of a fire,
Careless even there in the presence of death
And busied about no labour of love,
But filled with only a vain desire
To comfort herself by the chilly glow
Of the few pale embers, whose power of warming
Her withered body was scant enough.
The dose is sharp ; if it cured some few,
It would kill the rest. I never knew
Till to-night what a world of mist and gloom
Weltered and seethed a stone's throw away
From my own poor roost. I have seen but little,
Yet more than enough ; and I haste to quit all,
With perhaps a glimmer of hope that this
Is not the end ; that I too one day,
When my soul is stronger, may turn again,
And gather together my straggling forces,
And a share in the good fight no longer miss,
But casting my squeamishness aside
Bear a feeble hand in stemming the tide
Of this raging sin. But now I would fain
Be alone once more.

So I sought my room,
Which I loved as much as I loathed it before ;
And hoped as I lifted the latch of the door
To dream a while by myself.—But there
I found a wise Philosopher,
Who said that in this fair land of ours
The harvest was reaped ; that a strong man's powers
Found nothing to work on ; that over the sea
Was the only vineyard for him and me.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh Love, you are mine ! For deep in your eyes
I see the lingering love-light lies."

"**I** HAVE already told you that my cousin's life is in my power,
and that his fate depends upon your answer to my suit."

Harold Averyl, standing under shelter of the cliff, heard these words distinctly, although he had failed to catch the faltered question, which had elicited so stern a reply.

Then, for a few moments, there was silence, as though time were granted for the woman to consider the proposal George Averyl had made ; while, with a beating heart, Harold awaited the issue, rightly divining that Muriel Eiloart was his cousin's companion, and that he had taken advantage of the lengthened absence of her betrothed, to intimidate the poor girl, and lastly to urge his own acceptance as her husband.

"And Harold sent no other message ?—Not one word of love ?" enquired Muriel in a tone of despair, that cut the eager listener to the heart, and made him clench his hands and set his teeth firmly, as he struggled with a strong desire to grapple with the man who was deceiving her.

"No, he sent no message, save the one I have given you."

"Tell me again," she pleaded sadly—"Tell me his very words."

"He said that Poverty and Danger had been his companions since leaving you, and that he could not keep his promise, nor ever claim you for his wife, because he had learnt to love his freedom.

"Not one word of love !" she sighed again—"And I have waited for his coming so long, and have trusted him so fully—But no," she continued, resolutely, after another momentary silence, "You are playing me false, George Averyl.—It is not true.—Your words are nothing to me, weighed against his parting ones."

"Then you have decided ? and I am not to raise my hand to save him ?"

"Oh, Mr. Averyl, you are cruel, terribly cruel !"—And the

sound of a stifled sob reached the ears of the listening lover, who, feeling that he could not leave Muriel longer at the mercy of her tormentor, left his hiding place and presented himself suddenly before them.

"I have come back to you at last you see, Muriel—my true-hearted little wife that is soon to be," said the young man tenderly, and, taking the trembling hand in his, he drew her to his side; while his cousin, overcome by the unexpected appearance of the man whom he believed he had murdered, sank back with a muttered curse; and then, having satisfied himself that it was indeed Harold in the flesh, turned confusedly away and strode rapidly across the sands in the direction of home.

"My cousin has been frightening you, Muriel?" said her lover, enquiringly, looking after the retreating figure with an expression more akin to pity than revenge on his handsome face.

"He said that you were in danger, and that I could save you if—"

"If what, darling?"

"If I would promise to be his wife.—But oh, Harold," added the young betrothed, wistfully, "I could not promise that, you know, because I love you."

"And you thought I would come back, Muriel? You trusted me?"

"Yes—I knew that you would come."

Thus beside the sad sea waves the young lovers wandered together, Harold detailing the events of the past months, and Muriel listening gravely to the recital, looking up in the face of her hero fondly and proudly the while, her eyes filled with innocent child-wonder, and her heart throbbing quickly with new-found peace.

"I wish I could have shared your danger," said the young girl, when she had heard all.—"How near I was to losing you.—If I had only known."

"It was well that you were kept in ignorance, dear," he replied gently—"And, Muriel, do you realise that I have returned no richer than when I set out?—that the golden dreams which we dreamt together have still to be fulfilled, and that I cannot claim you yet, even after all this weary waiting?"

"But you will not go away again?" she questioned, the old pain creeping back to her heart and eyes at his words—"Oh, Harold! you will not leave me again, for indeed I could not bear it."

"I think," began the young man hesitatingly, "that my uncle may relent when he hears my story.—I believe that my cousin, for his own sake, will be easily persuaded to make peace between us, and to give me the means whereby to make a start in life."

"But you will not tell Mr. Averyl of his son's disgrace?"

"Not unless he compels me to do so by further acts of meanness, and by refusing to compensate me for the loss of time and strength I have suffered; since, even if I overlook his attempt upon my life, we must not forget how worse than useless have been rendered the last few months of my existence, and how he has delayed our union."

"You have not yet seen your uncle?"

"No—I sought you first, Muriel, and it was well that I did so. My thoughts, even when in the greatest danger, were always of this home-coming and of your welcome. I suppose your father has been endeavouring to persuade you to accept my cousin's proposal in my absence?"

"Yes, he is still resolved that I shall be an heiress no longer."

"That is if you remain true to me.—But were you to become George Averyl's wife, the money would still be yours."

"And do you think, Harold, that gold would tempt me to live without your love?"

"On the contrary, Muriel, you have proved your constancy by this long probation, and if my love and devotion can compensate you for the sacrifice you make for my sake, there will be no reason to fear the imperfection of our happiness."

"Is happiness worthy its name if it be imperfect?" asked the young betrothed, looking up at her lover archly.

"I think so," he replied gravely, smiling down at her—"For example, I am happy now, intensely happy, and yet the cloud of coming separation renders our Eden incomplete."

"Still an ever cloudless sky, the same stretch of stainless azure day after day would, because of its very perfection, grow to be monotonous."

"Pleasures are apt to pall, it is true," rejoined Harold—"And we have all no doubt experienced the diminution of interest when a long coveted object has been gained; yet I believe that an honest deep rooted love is the one thing in the world which is both deathless and unchangeable. Fascination and admiration may cloy and ultimately become a bane rather than a blessing, the union which was contracted merely for the sake of convenience and conventionality must eventually become a disunion which no outward bonds can cement, but love such as ours, Muriel, is incapable of flaw or faltering, and Time, the great destroyer, can have no power to diminish it."

So the sea mourned on monotonously for the dead which had been gathered to its sheltering breast, and the breezes sighed for the balmy presence of Summer which had departed from the earth, as the lovers wandered aimlessly on, discoursing alternately of past reminiscences, future hopes, and present joy; until Muriel, with woman's forethought, noticing the night shadows creeping stealthily over land and sea, suggested the necessity of their returning home before the darkness.

* * * * *

Possibly there is no obstacle placed in the path of self-conceit so difficult for man's overcoming, no dregs in the cup of humiliation so bitter for the draining, as the easy off-handed success of a rival in love when one's own pleading and patience have been proved to be but vain. The failure of a business venture, the non-appreciation of the pet work of poet or of painter, the ingratitude so constantly met with from those we have stepped out of our circle to help, none of these can cause such drooping of the head in self-abasement, such recoiling within ourselves and shrinking from the outer world as the look of triumph in a rival's eyes after a keen love-struggle and a lengthened probation of hope.

From the pinnacle of pride, the self-congratulatory pedestal of assurance, George Averyl had been suddenly hurled by the return of the cousin in whose power he had placed his good name; and, cursing his evil-fortune, he hastened over the sands, longing for some shelter in which to hide from the coming tempest.

Of a merciless and revengeful disposition himself, the young

man could not imagine the existence of nobler qualities in the rival whom he hated, neither could he bring himself to stoop further by pleading for pardon, or by venturing on excuse for his villainy.

"I had better make a clean breast of it to my father," he said musingly—"In any event, I can have the first telling of the story, and can secure the first sympathy.—Very likely we can buy my cousin's silence, since he is so madly in love with the heiress, and lack of money alone prevents his claiming her—Curse him!" he added bitterly, as, looking back for a moment, he saw the young couple standing still together—"I would give ten years of my life to see him lying here, dead at my feet."

But Death does not always shoot his fatal arrows at human invocation, and to satisfy blind human craving, and George Averyl might long for his cousin's destruction many years in vain, ere the Book of Fate would open, and his name be erased from the number of those who await their doom.

(To be Continued.)

CLEOPATRA.

BY GERALD C. DRURY.

GIVE me my robes of state—place on my head
 My crown—I will appear once more a Queen,
 Will be once more the sovereign I have been ;
 As I have lived so they shall find me dead,
 Ne'er by the Roman mob shall it be said
 That in their general's triumph might be seen
 She whom great Cæsar loved, disgraced, and mean,
 Amidst the ranks of common captives led—
 No, no ! Right royally I'll welcome Death
 Here—in these arms my Conqueror shall lie
 And on this bosom find a noble rest,
 Whilst, Antony, ev'n with my parting breath
 I'll voice aloud thy name—so will I die
 A Queen in love—in Queenly splendour drest.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY M. M. D.

A ROSE bud from the parent tree
Was torn by ruthless hand ;
The broken branch and roots were free
For night's chill cruel brand.

A maiden saw the rose-bud fair,
And raised the drooping stem ;
She sought the roots with gentle care
And placed the earth on them.

The thirsty leaves revive and live,
The flowers bloom fresh and free,
The sweet perfume their petals give
Meet emblem maid of thee ?

* * * * *

A heart lay bleeding and forlorn,
By wound of sorrow slain ;
"The lost, the dear," that heart did mourn,
Its life cord rent in twain.

By unseen hand the wound was bound
With tender loving care ;
A healing balm was round it wound ;
A peaceful voice spake there.

Grieve not for her you love so well,
Think of the cross she bore,
And list ! a still soft voice doth tell,
I, Jesus, loved her more !

Look to that radiant star above,
And see it brightly shine ;
And hear an angel call in love,
Come—chain your heart to mine ?

ON THE SHORE.

BY J. JACKSON.

A BREEZE refreshing from the sea is blowing,
The herald of the swift returning tide,
Whose billows with calm dreamy song are flowing
Where tufts of pink and green-tipp'd shells reside.
The sea-gulls flutter down on waves to rise
(Joining the chorus of the ocean song)
Like balls of silver shot through azure skies,
Free as the spray, they lightly skim along,
Or plume their snow-white breasts, blue waves among.

In furrow'd ripples of the sand, lie gleaming
White pearly specks, and coral, red and bright,
The wet sea-weed, in tangled masses streaming,
Whispers of caves deep waters hide from sight,
Of forest, that the eye has never seen,
On whose gigantic boughs, wild harps are hung
Where breakers sweep across the strings of green,
And songs are in the depths unfathomed sung,
And o'er the wailing waters widely flung.

Song of the deep ! what soul may count thy numbers ?
Thy notes dashed forth with firm, unsparing hand ;
Whence melody flows out that never slumbers,
Rolled by the night and morning round the land ;
(The voice of storm is only octaves higher,
In storm and calm the song has notes the same ;)
Praise thrills the strings of thy high-sounding lyre ;
" Praise " is the grand old anthem's sacred name
That moves earth's deep and sweeps heaven's harps of flame

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

BY H. SEABY.

I SAT at the window and gazed on the road,
Where a small stream of passers first ebbed, and then flowed;
And I thought "Is it summer with them as with me?
Have they seen the wind strike on the corn like a sea,

And drive the gold surf and the shadowy waves
On the shingles of green? Do they know where the caves
In the forest are formed of the quivering leaves?
Where the sunlight breaks thro',—and what shadows it weaves?

Ah God, have they heard thy birds sing? Have they seen
Thy wonderful thrush; with the nightingales been?
Have they lain on the ground, and gazed into the trees,
And felt the earth throb,—and the joy of the breeze?

Have they crouched in the fern by a stream, and kept still
To hear what it said, as it leapt from the hill?
What it cried to the sea as it leapt to the foam?
By the river's green edge, do they know the swan's home?"

I thought "Is it summer with them as with me?
Have they watched the light flash on a sun-smitten sea?
And die into grey, as the sun slowly dies,—
Till the stars make a wonder of all Thy great skies?"

And the joy of the summer came down on me then;
And my eyes grew all dim as I gazed on the men;
And all my blood trembled,—and then I was 'ware,
Great God, how Thy summer had circled me there!

TO EMMA.

BY W. A. BRAUND.

THE moon her silv'ry rays is throwing
O'er earth and sea, lull'd 'neath night's spell,
The stars around her dimly glowing
The gentle glory tend to swell;
The breezes softly blowing round me
Are murmuring to the leaves above,
And all the flow'rets that surround me
Are laden with the breath of Love.

Were I alone, I might be dwelling
On all the beauties of the night,
But when with thee, their charms repelling,
I gaze upon a fairer sight;
I gaze upon a face uplifted
To meet my own, so pure and sweet,
It seems by bounteous Nature gifted
With ev'ry charm that makes complete.

I gaze in soft blue eyes confessing
The love that words fail to reveal,
Their liquid depths full well expressing
The passion language would conceal;
And all night's glories now unheeding,
I cannot look upon the skies,
My whole life is absorbed in reading
The tale of love told in thine eyes.

Thy warm breath on my cheeks is falling,
Thy sweet lips to mine own are press'd,
Thy words of love are, dearest, calling
Before my vision scenes most blest—
And can the murmur of the breezes,
That stir the leaves and woo the flow'rs,
Or aught that in all nature pleases,
Compare with bliss so deep as ours?

My Star of Love ! thy light thou'rt shedding
 To cheer the journey of my life,
 And its bright radiance round me spreading
 Shall guide me midst its scenes of strife ;
 Tho' fierce the conflict round me rages,
 One bright thought shall my comfort be—
 A thought that ev'ry grief assuages—
 The knowledge that thou lovest me !

A WESTERN SKY.

BY G. M. MOUNTFORD.

'TIS gazing on a Western sky
 Reminds us of a better land—
 A brilliant picture we descry,
 The work of a great Master-hand.

What human art can imitate
 The varied hues of sunset skies ?
 While tiny cloudlet-forms dilate,
 Or melt to blue before our eyes ?

If beauties such as these adorn
 The outer side—what splendour dwells
 Yonder, where the eternal morn
 All shades from the fair scene repels.

THE DAY OF DREAMS.

BY J. E. BARLAS.

EACH mountain's snowy bosom feels
Young Spring's dissolving glow ;
And wide the waveless river steals
In silent peace below,
Through velvet meads and flowerful vales
Where browsing cattle be ;
And, scarcely kissed by gentle gales,
The blue and crystal sea,
With here and there a sail unfurled,
Like dove-wings white in space,
Spreads dimly to the spirit-world
Where Earth and Heaven embrace ;
Like purple of deep-vaulted night,
When hanging vapours lift,
And clouds of snow like clouds of light
Across the moon may drift ;
Like some interminable sweep
Of lightly ruffled grass,
Where pasture is for many sheep,
And scattered breezes pass ;
For faint as smiles that sweetly break
The calm of one who dreams,
Come languid winds, and in their wake
A trace of sorrow seems,
And the white calm, like slumber's bloom,
Profound but transient,
Is streaked with shade, as glow and gloom
In summer glades are blent.

Yet where no winds disturb the trance
No spangling sunbeam shines,
But diamond-pointed ripples dance
Across the darker lines.

Thus all the waves in dreams that pant
Two tints of Eden clothe,
One pale, one darkly radiant,
But born of beauty both ;
And ocean seems a damsel fair
Below the moon that lies,
Entangled in her black-bright hair,
Uplooking to the skies ;
And from that sea a gentle wind
Comes like a dreamer's breath,
Charged with a blessing undefined,
A whisper hushed in death.

My boat lies buried 'mong the weeds
Along the river side.
'Tis loosed—and through a lane of reeds
Half noiselessly we glide.
The quiet waters with us go ;
The clouds are still on high ;
A maiden on her white pillow
Sleeps not more peacefully.
Below the keel a gurgling sound
Makes music in my ear ;
The valleys change in form around,
New hills beyond appear.—
'The world is love, but nevermore
My soul can taste of bliss,
And yet hath known but once before
A sadness sweet as this.

It was a day which might have been
Born in a softer clime,
And through a blue and golden sheen
The dawn began to climb ;
The stream was silver in the sun
And calm as some dead child ;
Mute were the willows every one ;

They wept—while lo ! it smiled.
And there was one beside me then,
A virgin pure and white,
A shrine, an angel among men,
A Heaven revealed to sight.
This scene of placid loveliness
Bears not a charm so meek
As that which made her glances bless,
And tinged her marble cheek ;
And wheresoe'er her footsteps trod
To me was holy ground.
A saint may serve an unseen God,
But I had sought and found.

I stand upon a little isle
With one lone turret crowned,
And lovely as a tearful smile
The ocean beams around,
My skiff may kiss the shell-strewn beach
And tarry till I come,
For sure my sorrow cannot reach
This haunt where grief is dumb.
I hear the lark up in the sky
Make light of my despair,
And many a winged melody
Is fluttering in the air :
Around the sea and sky and earth
Their festal robes assume,
The very woods, that laugh with mirth,
Wave like a warrior's plume :
And, fiercely prone, like Titan forms
That stiff in torture died,
The mountains of a myriad storms
Strike heav'n on every side,
With here and there a smaller shape
Glassed in the lucent sea,
Some rocky strand or jutting cape,
As calm as calm can be.

But breaking now the mute repose
 In flocks the sea-birds rise,
 Like winter flakes which winds oppose
 And hurl back t'ward the skies ;
 And upward still in wailful choirs
 They hover o'er my head,
 Like taunting ghosts of fond desires
 Once felt, for ever fled.
 Away—I cannot bear the place ;
 I cannot bear the sea !
 'Tis holy as her own young face
 With not a smile for me.

THE LOVES OF ME.

BY MORTON LUCE.

I LOVED a dream—love holy and tender,
 And the soul of my beautiful dream loved me,
 But she went like a falling star's swift splendour,
 And I thought of the lovers in Heaven that be.

I loved a love : unwed we parted :
 Either in other divined despair,
 But we could not die, if we would, broken hearted,
 And I thought of the dream-love of days that were.

I loved a little a light deceiver,
 But fairly caught in her unfair net
 She wept awhile when I turn'd to leave her,
 And mused on the vision that loved me yet.

* * * * *

If wealth be fled, and life be fleeing,
 I have found for a little the fulness of life :
 Not a dream, not a dream, but *the half of my Being*
 I love—and for ever. Men call her a wife.

THE TRIUMPH OF DAVID.

BY F. H. SMITH.

HARK to the swelling eager sound !
The shouts brave tidings bring ;
For David comes in glory crowned,
And maids in triumph sing.
And nearer now the joyous train
Approach the tents of Saul ;
A thousand foes their king has slain,
But David more than all.

With troubled brow and jealous eye
Sits Israel's Warrior King ;
For soon the conq'ring youth draws nigh,
And trump and tabret ring,
And now the evil spirit tears
The inmost heart of Saul ;
"For by my hand," he fiercely swears,
"This beardless youth shall fall."

In sullen hate, his harp he brings,
His spear is in his hand ;
Young David sweeps the magic strings,
Now soothing and now grand.
Anon he sings in stirring theme
The battle deeds of Saul :
The minstrel sees a javelin gleam,
And, harmless, strike the wall.

Yet once again with murd'rous force,
Saul hurls the crashing spear ;
Again the dart has changed its course,
The monarch pales with fear.
For twice has David 'scaped the death,
Which he would fain have given,
And now he stands with bated breath,
And owns the power of heaven.

For in his heart a warning voice
Cries, "Saul, what hast thou done?
In tyranny thou dost rejoice,
Thy favoured course is run.
For thou dost seek the life of one
Who risked his own for thine,
But know the life of Jesse's son
Is watched by love divine."

THE SEA GULL.

By R. F. JUPP.

'TIS morn o'er the sea, and the soft pale rose
Of the rising dawn in the orient glows,
Cold and pale like a plain of steel
Smooth and untracked by the heaving keel
The grey sea lies 'neath the brightening sky,
Where the hues of the dawn blend tenderly
With the fading mists of the parting night,
While above the waves on pinions light
The lonely sea-gull takes her way,
And beats the air
With noiseless wing, as across the bay
She seeks her lair.
And where is the white winged sea-gull's home?
In the tall bare cliffs where the sea fogs come,
And bathe the rough crags with chilly mist,
Till each jutting point and stone is kissed
By the icy breath, and when eve creeps slow
O'er the western wave, and a dull red glow
Shines through the fog, the sea-gulls fly
Around the tall cliff unceasingly.
And who dare look from that dizzy height
Down through the mists, as the crimson light
Shines o'er the seething waves that foam

Around the base of the sea-gull's home :
And mark around the wave-girt rock
The white winged birds in myriads flock,
Now soaring up the misty steep,
Now wheeling swiftly o'er the deep :
Or pausing to sit on a foam-ringed stone
To blend their screams with the billow's moan ?
'Tis eve o'er the sea, and the western line
Of the surge gleams bright in the red sunshine,
And the sun as he sinks in his western grave
Casts rainbow gleams on each rising wave :
But afar in the south a lurid hue
Darkens the tints of the sunset blue,
And the rising wind comes hurrying fast,
With white crests leaping before the blast,
And the sea-gull knows by the darkening sky
That her hour and that of the storm is nigh.

* * * * *

The sky is black, and the blinding rain
Hisses and boils in the surging main,
And the snowy foam is upward cast
High on the wings of the whistling blast,
And o'er the sky hangs a sable cloud,
But one pale sunbeam from beneath the shroud
Casts a sickly smile o'er the raging ocean,
Leaping and dashing in wild commotion,
And silvers the spot where the home-bound bark
Was whelmed in the depths of the sea caves dark,
Where a sinking mariner clings to life,
Joining his own weak force to the strife
Of the winds and waves in the tossing bay.
He flings from his hair the blinding spray :
While the sea-gull screams above his head,
Wheeling around with her summons dread,
Fit prophet she of the mariner's doom,
As he struggling sinks in his eddying tomb,
The last sight to his eyes that white sunset gleam :
The last sound that he hears the sea-gull's scream.

A SNOW STORM.

BY WILLIAM ROXBURGH.

FROM rosy pink to silver grey,
The fire of dawn has changed its hue ;
And deep'ning still from grey to blue,
Has plunged in gloom the silent day.

And still it darkens, as the face
Of one whose heart is filled with hate,
And silent as the foot of fate,
When it has found a resting-place.

And deepens to the deadly shade
That passion stamps on murder's brow,
Ere to itself it will avow
The purpose of the reeking blade.

And now o'er all the moving sky
A passion spirit twists and boils ;
Like serpent snared in eagle's toils,
And writhing in his agony.

Then trembling through the quivering air,
The flakes of wrath-pale feelings flow ;
A troop of fluttering ghosts of snow
A passage for the rest prepare.

And, having first a footing gained,
Stretch out their arms and loudly cry
To all their comrades of the sky,
The million hosts that still remained,

Who, hastening to their vanguard's aid,
In denser columns wheel and rush,
As if the solid earth to crush,
Yet hesitate as though afraid.

Again with bolder thoughts imbued,
Make one great charge on front and flank,
An army in embattled rank,
A host that cannot be subdued.

They move with such a steady pace,
Such firm unwavering menace wear
In their fierce aspect as they bear
Their moving banners face to face.

To the dark ranks of stubborn woods,
And serried files of furrowed lands,
And squadrons bright of ocean bands
In calmest rest or roaring floods—

That one might fear the ancient feud
Sung by our English master lyre
In accents of seraphic fire,
Were now about to be renewed,

And angels in their spotless white
Had issued from the courts of heaven
To meet once more those angels driven
To regions of eternal night.

The leaders mark and fear the signs
Of doubtful valour in their troops ;
And each with eagle pinion swoops
Upon the foeman's foremost lines,

And breaks the spell. In fiendish haste
The laggard ranks begin the strife
With reckless disregard for life ;
And soon the fields are one white waste

Of bloodless corpses, or of those
Who, wounded to the death, yet seek
With one last blow to smite the cheek
Of the plumed leader of their foes.

And wild and high that plume is tossed
Above the lofty mountain's brow,
Where hope and fear alternate show
Their changing fates to either host :

For, rising with the rising storm
Of battle between earth and heaven,
A friend to earth has nearer driven,
And now reveals his awful form.

A giant of mysterious size,
Of striking and tremendous power,
Who slays his thousands in an hour
With hollow hands and empty eyes.

A mighty wrestler, too, is he
And tosses in his untamed might
Whole companies arrayed in white
Into the angry yawning sea.

And stirs the ocean's slumbering breath
So that it lifts a brawny hand,
And with one blow brings down a band
Of the pale army to their death.

And now the warrior woods begin
To battle with redoubled strength ;
And from their topmost boughs at length
Shake down the foes had lodged therein.

Or try to pierce with leafy lance
The host that round them whirls and flees,
Like swarm of angry buzzing bees,
Or hungry steeds that snort and prance.

And aim with all their bended boughs
Their feathery arrows sharp and keen ;
Crossing the white swords with their green
And striking fiercely at the brows

Of those pale soldiers raging round,
And filling all the tented fields
With crystal cuirass, silver shields,
And lance to deadliest sharpness ground.

And roused to vengeance, by the sight
Of comrades lying cold and still,
Renew with nicer, steadier skill
The fitful fortunes of the fight—

Until it seems as if the air
Had bred innumerable swarms
Of dragon's teeth, encased in arms,
And fighting each for knighthood there.

And all the earth and all the heaven
In one great molten mass were hurled
Beyond the limits of the world;
And by some vengeful spirit driven

Into the path of meteor storms,
Where never sweetest song of lark,
Or nightingale within the dark
Could stem the rage of furious forms.

But ever as the tumult roars,
'Mid shrieks of anguish, cries of pain,
And the last groanings of the slain,
The sound of breakers on the shores,

With that dull rattling ragged rain
Of rounded pebbles on the beach,
The angry, dumb, and grating speech
In which they tell of grinding pain.

And wild confusion wildly heaped
O'er all creation's furthest bounds,
The fiercest of the fiercest sounds
That battle's harvest ever reaped.

And fury, rage, and wild despair,
 And storm and tempest roaring rout,
 And madness, all had broken out
 From that dark dungeon void of prayer.

* * * * *


But as the fiery heat of day
 Is tempered by cool ocean's breath,
 And through the marble arch of Death
 There steals from heaven one silver ray,

So o'er this warring jumbling mass
 There steals a languor born of toil,
 A sprinkling of some holy oil
 Upon the waters as they pass.

The storm abates, the sun appears,
 The earth has overcome her foes ;
 But finds herself enchained in snows,
 Encircled by a ring of spears.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

BY HORACE TOWNSHEND.

 H soft south wind ! with ocean-scented breath,
 Brine laden from unmeasured leagues of sea,
 What memories from the silent realms of death
 Thy wings have brought once more to visit me ;

Through day's bright gleam, when all with life rejoice
 Who feel the magic of thy wondrous spell,
 Through night's dark gloom thy whispering frequent voice
 Still tells the tale now known to me too well.

The oft told tale from golden tropic shore—
 The oft told tale from silver tropic wave—
 Tales—I have learnt them all too well before
 Why dost thou bring them from the quiet grave ?

The grave of thoughts now long since mourned as dead,
Buried beneath the moving feet of years ;
The earth lies hard on many a well loved head,
Though watered oft with unavailing tears.

The thoughts may sleep—thy lips once more have kissed
The brow of one who knows thy changing form—
I hail thee, ruler of the driving mist,
Relentless parent of the midnight storm.

Yet wild one in the birth place of thy race, .
Yet fainting through a weary sultry day,
No shelter from the Lord of Light's dread face,
Thy fleeting breath oft cheered my lonely way.

With feathery pinions fanning soft and light
A way worn wretch who only longed for rest,
And weary prayed for calm peace giving night
To float down earthward from thy dewy breast

And yet when beating off a rock bound shore
The good ship fought the death that lurked alee,
Above the breakers threat'ning savage roar
Thy well known voice came back again to me.

Now softer than a maiden's shy caress,
With coyish touch of fickle wandering breeze,
Filling the land with thine own loveliness,
Thy breath comes scented from the sunny seas.

The thoughts will rise ! Of distant tropic land—
Where spreads the crested palm trees towering dome,
Where, dusky giants on the yellow strand,
The mangroves kiss the ever seething foam.

Where the Banana rears her clustered store,
And gold drops fleck the green boughed orange tree,
The thousand beauties of that well known shore
Come floating on thy pinions back to me.

Fair treacherous land, I loved thy beauties well :
 In dreams I see thee stretching wide again.
 The wind and I—perchance the fates can tell—
 May meet once more upon thy burning plain ?

Haste on ! the ice drifts of the northern sea
 Wait thy soft touch their girdle to unbind.
 Haste on ! to join a bridegroom meet for thee—
 The stormy spirit of the wild North wind.

THE STORM.

(Translated from the Italian.)

BY AGNES ROUS-HOWELL.

FEAR not, O Nice, I do not return
 To tell thee of the love with which I burn ;
 For that my love displeases you I know,
 Enough, enough for me that it is so.
 Mark yonder sky which speaks of tempest near,
 The flocks which seek the sheep-fold in their fear
 Until the gathering storm may be allayed ;
 I am but come to offer thee my aid.
 What ! hast thou still no fear ? Regard the sky
 Obscured by clouds which o'er its surface lie,
 Mark too the dust which circles in the air ;
 The gathering gloom ; and note the stillness rare.
 List to the rustling leaves, th' uncertain flight
 Of frightened birds, hiding themselves from sight.
 Nice, be warned ! ah ! see the lightning glare !
 Hark to the thunder, echoing far and near !
 No time is left to gather in thy flock—
 Let us seek shelter in this hollow rock ;

I shall be near thee, naught thy life shall harm,
I shall be near thee, have thou no alarm.

Why tremblest thou, O treasure mine ?
Why palpitates this heart of thine ?
Near thee I am, have thou no fear,
No words of love shall reach thine ear.
Until the tempest's fury wane,
With thee, beloved, I will remain ;
But when the sky serene doth grow
Ungrateful Nice I then will go.

In perfect safety, here thou mayest rest,
No thunder bolt will pierce the rock's safe breast,
Through these thick laurel woods no blinding glare
Of vivid lightning ever reaches here.
Rest thee, my idol, rest in peace awhile.
But ah ! what means this fear, this tim'rous smile ?
Why is it when I from thy side would flee
My hands are clasped in thine, yes, clasped by thee.
Once more the clouds are gathering thick and low,
But fear thou not, from hence I will not go.
Oft have I longed for moments sweet as this,
Oh ! let me linger in my dream of bliss.
Who knows ? perchance you love me even now,
And modesty and wrath my suit did disallow.
Perchance this fear was but of love a sign.
What answer, Nice, to this new thought of mine ?
Have I approached the truth,—what ! no reply ?
Save from the blushes on your cheeks which lie.
Speak not, I understand, my wife ! at last
The downcast looks, the smiles which flit so fast.
Since out of tempests raging round,
Hath come this hush and calm profound,
Ah, never more let days serene
Upon the earth again be seen.
Of all the days most clear and bright,
This day is fairest in my sight—
Ever to live thus do I sigh,
Gladly like this at last would die.

EVENING SONG.

BY WILLIAM F. E. INGLIS.

SLEEP the stars on Evening's breast,
Sleep the blue bells on the mountain,
Sleep the birds in downy nest,
Sleep the shadows by the fountain,
Sleepily the pine-trees lofty
Shrug their shoulders at the cold,
Down beside fond mothers, softly
Sleep the lambs within the fold.
But beneath thy casement keeping,
Love I watch while thou art sleeping.

E'en soft echo dreams enwrap,
She her woodland throne forsaketh,
With her head on Evening's lap,
Calm she sleeps for nought awaketh.
Silent rolls the sullen river,
Hastening on to meet the sea,
O'er its bosom moonbeams quiver,
Glint and quiver mournfully.
But beneath thy casement keeping,
Love I watch while thou art sleeping.

'Neath the shadowy wing of night
May thy lovely form be shrouded,
Be thy dreamings pure and bright
Nor by thoughts of danger clouded.
Angels fair will bend above thee,
Kiss thy golden-crested brow,
But to one who truly loves thee,
None are half so fair as thou.
Maiden! rest, for I am keeping
Lonely watch while thou art sleeping.

PAN IS DEAD.

(The old order changeth.)

BY RENNELL RODD.

ELL a voice o'er many waters,
On the morning of the sea,
As of all the island daughters
Singing harmony :

Not the sound of some Pæan
Flashed from distant shore to shore,
Which the islands of Agæan
Listened to of yore.

But a voice breathed ever slowly
Through the morning mists that rise,
Snatch of song, soft, weird, and holy,
Falling from the skies.

Here they clung to every story
Of the old diviner days,
Dreams of long forgotten glory,
In the island ways.

But this wild enchanted singing
From the cloud land overhead—
Only set the echoes ringing ;
“ Weep ! for Pan is dead.”

Only from the eaves the swallow,
Starting at a voice she knew,
Flashed into the air to follow,—
Lost it as she flew.

Only by the rock-springs flowing
Into ever running rills,
Lifted necks of cattle lowing
Answered to the hills ;

Only for the swallow's flying
Came a shadow on the sun,
And the breezes stayed their sighing
As if day were done ;

Till beyond the furthest fountains
That reflect the dawn of day,
O'er the purple eastern mountains
Echo died away.

Never more when rocks are thrilling
With the notes of reed pipes blown,
Shall the shepherd hear a trilling
Answering fairer than his own ;

Never, lying in the rushes,
Shall the sleeping maiden dream
Of a footstep in the bushes,
By the mountain stream,

And descend the hill side yearning
For another dream like this,
Happy to have felt the burning
Of a great god's kiss ;

Never patient oxen frightened,
By the pricking of the goad,
Feel the yoke lie easier, lightened
Of a weary load.

Never more returning, never
For the tears that shall be shed—
And his reign has passed for ever—
“ Weep ! for Pan is dead.”

REVIEWS.

"ESSEX," by D. Charles D. Campbell, (Williams and Morgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.)—This is a drama in five acts, and it is scarcely necessary to state that the groundwork of the plot (as well as the majority of *dramatis personæ*) is historical. Our "good Queen Bess" is often upon the scene, and the *hauteur* of her character mingled with the ever struggling *womanhood* within her is well delineated. "Thou wast born to be my tempter, Essex," exclaims the maiden queen on one occasion as she wavers between love and dignity—and later, when she hears that the Earl has been mocking at her passion, she replies stung by a sense of outrage, to a subtle question from one of the Court who desires the death of the man who may else be raised to the heights of his ambition:—

"Do your will,
And do it swiftly, while he lives at large,
I am no more a Queen."

The Countess is, however, perhaps the most forcible character in the work, but space will not allow us to extract any of the well-rounded sentences which fall from her lips. The author would, we think, have given relief to his conversations if he had sometimes allowed his characters to converse at greater length. This is an error not generally indulged in by dramatic writers, who are apt to "spin out" the remarks of each party to a wearisome length.

We have sent us by Mr. William Pool, of Paternoster Row, "THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER and other poems," by Mary E. Shipley. We notice throughout these pleasant selections of religious exercises, there is a deep vein of piety; and the book must be welcomed by all who gather works of the kind. "Jesus only," "Rejoice in the Lord," and "Everlasting Life" are fair renderings. Some of the pieces are re-printed by permission from the "*Leisure Hour*."

"HUNGARIAN POEMS AND FABLES" illustrated by A. T. Butler; selected and translated by E. D. Butler of the British Museum, must interest those of our countrymen who have travelled through the scenes mentioned, or Hungarians living in England. Messrs. Trübner and Co., of Ludgate Hill, are the publishers. We compliment both author and illustrator on their work, although their circle of readers must be limited we should imagine.

We are requested to state by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, that they publish Mr. John B. Gough's Orations revised by himself.

Received—and will be reviewed in due course:—"FRAGMENTS OF

THOUGHTS" by L. Bowden Green, Ph.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., (Henry King and Co.,) "LYRICS FROM A COUNTRY LANE" by John L. Owen, 2nd Edition, (Simpkins, Marshall and Co.) "VIVIENNE," a novel by "Rita," 3 vols., (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.) "THE CHESTBOARD OF LIFE" by L. Bowden Green, published at 14, Argyle Street, Regent Street, London, by the author. "LIKE DIAN'S KISS" 3 vols. by "Rita," (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.) "THE BATTLE OF ANTRIM" a reminiscence of 1788, by T. C. S. Corry, M.D., (J. Henderson, Belfast.)

IMPORTANT.

On the 25th of the present month will be issued our CHRISTMAS ANNUAL containing a complete novelette by the editor, entitled "THE LOVE THAT LEAPS ALL BARRIERS," also, in accordance with numerous requests, the dramatic poem "IANTHE." As a limited number of copies of the Annual will be printed, those desiring to secure it would oblige by sending in their names to the Editor at an early date. Price to non-subscribers, One Shilling—Subscribers will be supplied at half-price.

NOTICE.

Mr. Leonard Lloyd, in answer to enquiries, continues to give instruction in the art of versification by private letters of advice, and critiques—also in preparing prose and poetical works for the press.

TO OUR READERS.

The main feature of the POETS' MAGAZINE is to invite all who possess literary talent to contribute to its pages; however, to prevent its sinking to the level of an Amateur Publication, the editor continues to contract arrangements with various Authors of Note.

Original contributions only are acceptable: and MSS. cannot be returned unless post paid.

Stamped addressed envelopes must accompany all communications.

Writers, who are not Subscribers, desiring a private criticism and suggested improvements from the Editor on their MSS., should enclose 12 stamps for the same.

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